



e-CLARION

Serving The People Of The New Community Network

Grandma's Corner

Let's Be Thankful For The Little Things

It's that time of year again when we fashionably give thanks for all the great things that have happened in our lives since last year. We dress up the home, cook a huge feast and stuff the bird. The sweet aroma of peach cobbler and sweet potato pies encompass every room. The collard greens, string beans, candied yams and macaroni and cheese line the buffet, greeting all who walk through the door with a warm, "Hey and come on in and have a sit down!"

We gather in the living room and tell the same stories that we told last year about when we were children and how Mrs. Johnson from down the street was always watching us and told mama everything we did. Those were the youthful days of sneaking out of church to the corner store and buying candy with our Sunday School money and just making it back in time for the benediction. Come on now, I know I wasn't the only one.

Remember how Aunt Lucy bragged about how she had the best recipe for potato salad, but the only recipe that was used was Grandma's? Uncle Bob always wound up in the recliner after dinner with his feet stretched out and snoring like a brass trumpet and then he would sit straight up and join in the conversation like he knew what was being talked about. Then you had Cousin "Q," who had once again brought a young lady with him, but everyone was afraid to call her name because we couldn't remember if it was the same girl from last year (and usually it wasn't). So we just said, "Hey honey good to see you," and smiled.

When the food was gone, everybody who brought containers with them filled them and hid them in the car, bedroom and closet. The men then laid back to watch football; the kids were outside and in the bedroom playing video games. The babies had been put to sleep and the rest of the women formed a summit and were giving out advice to all the new moms in the family on how to keep your man. (do any of them have a man???????) Uncle Bob, meanwhile, had drifted back to slumber land with his grandbaby asleep on his chest and my spot on the bed seemed to always be calling me.

Thank you Lord once again for the little things. Love Ya Much.

♥ *Grandma* ♥

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New Community Corporation

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